

# CSFA

C MAR 1957

## the tower

Ball-bearings are not in the dictionary. At least not mine. It's really too bad. They may very well be the only clue we have when attempting to gauge the years of the school lawn mower. I know that it can't be too old because it's a Lincoln ball-bearing mower, and Lincoln wasn't really a popular name until he became a Republican.

However, we're not here to talk about Abe's error, but to investigate our mower mores. Sad as the local Realtors are to see our property wasted (which means out of their hands), our neighbors must do them one better by seeing the property stagnant. Admittedly, green grass is a cool and refreshing thing to see. Getting lost in it, however, causes a certain loss of aesthetic appreciation as well. Actually, there hasn't been a reported loss of neighbors for years, although, since the rain, students have been careful to pack a lunch when making the crossing between the sidewalk and their cars.

We realize that we are on a limited budget, of course, but we feel that perhaps rather than paint the doors again, a consideration might be given to the plight of Canan Takaoka's grass crew, who are getting most of it with their teeth. We say, either get them toothpaste or a new mower, but don't frustrate the workers---remember what happened to the Czar.

### AESTHETIC SIN IN THE SUBURBS

staff: jerry burchard, gordon dudfield, pheobe allan, mike nathan, picasso, NOT neil stark, isabel hood, jay werlhof, wally hedrick, al frankenstein, holey moley the ladies auxhilary of the drive all men to the bars where they can drink themselves to death that we can get the inheritance money which is why we took them for all these years anyhow and i wish they'd hurry up about it committee

Mr. Murphy, an artist, a teacher, and an academy painter from England, had the temerity to show four nudes in a collection of about sixteen paintings in the Palo Alto Library, at the express request of the Palo Alto Art Club. This is an honor, because only the best of the artists in the PAAC are allowed in this particular branch of the library system there. It also entails quite a bit of physical labor and one can put up an exhibit only on Sundays, so as not to disturb either librarians or patrons of the library involved.

In Palo Alto, the system dictates that libraries are available to the PAAC for periods of six weeks for one-man shows. At various times, librarians have assumed the role of Art Critic, and have been listened to by ruling members of the PAAC. As a result, there has been a tacit agreement that only pleasing, pretty, (inocuous) pictures be shown. The PAAC assumes no role as an art club in the aesthetic sense

in backing up errant members that go astray, as did our Mr. Murphy. Money for this sweet organization is derived from dues, hanging fees, rummage sales, and classes. This money is used mainly to 1) fill the treasury 2) improve the grounds 3) pay outstanding debts (mortgages etc) 4) for the very unusual class set up that is somehow the only aesthetic improvement 5) visiting lecturers.

If an aesthetic mis-understanding arises, it is not answered aesthetically, but evaded. Whenever an exhibit is hung, it is with the discretion of the owner of the works. Finding himself pitted against the sterility-enriched views of the local auxilaries or what ever, Mr. Murphy took the only step left open and removed from the hallowed halls of dusty minds and books, his entire show. Mr. Murphy once told the writer, "People are afraid of disease, but not of ignorance." I guess that he's proved his point.

now showing at the UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CAMPUS  
AD, ART ANNEX TILL APRIL 2nd p. forakis metal sculpt

**FREE FREE FREE**  
On March 28, at 8:30 (PM) Theodore Stamos, who is referred to as "one of the distinguished members of the New York School of Art" by A. Frankenstein, will speak on "Why Nature in Art" at the S.F. Museum. Arrangements have been made with Dr. Morley to grant free admittance to CSFA students with Student Body Cards.

## VALLEDOR SWINGS AT THE 6 GALLERY

Leo Valledor, informally a student at CSFA, will be exhibiting some of the most important paintings to be done in this area in a long and dreary time.....He has not acquired his style by self-deception, but by quietly working alone....His surfaces are what you feel when you hear an augmented 13th.....the line moves, sometimes strained & restrained like Miles...other times violently swinging like the Bird.....some of the forms are archaic and traditional like Bunk , laying it down in a marching band or other times big block cords....one leading into another...farther and farther out.....There are real ideas here, not just pushing paint around and around and around-----these and other marvelous scenes can be heard at 3119 Fillmore Street....Monday thru Friday, 7 to 10 PM, Sat & Sun, 2 to 10 PM and if this rag gets mimeo'd in time, come to the opening....Thursday night the 14th from 8 to 11 PM at the 6 Gallery

PS....real visual jazz.....also refr's--

Last week, here in the SFFAAAA Gallery, the student body stirred itself to make intelligent comments during an Open Forum held with Students of the West Point Military Academy on the Middle East Situation(ie. mores, morals and messy politics, or, what price, the oil wells).

To the astonishment of all, we the body, actually had something to say to the young and promising warlords. Now, after it is all over, we have quickly slipped back into our usual state, and perhaps, next year, about this same time, we can again emerge from our cocoon and THINK. However, the expectation that some keep in their hearts that the body might conceivably pick up from where they've started, must be upper-lipped and buried. We shall now go back to our lunch room discussions on the importance of the price of Henry Miller's books, Pornography as an Art, and when will they have another party...the last one was so good I don't remember what it was all about. We are classing ourselves with those happy souls in Wisconsin who re-elect Uncle Jo McCarthy, term after term.

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Showing at the Clay Theatre, with a technicolor french movie, is a technicolor half hour film on Picasso. It is a stirring film that was blundered, not because of the subject matter, but due to the lack of intelligence on the part of the producers.

The Film opens up on Pablo in his studio in the Pyrenees. He is at a drawing board doodling a picture of a city in charcoal. He looks dis-interested. The narration goes on with,"Picasso is esthetic, etc.", and flashes back to an old painting he did when he was seventeen. He signs it Ruiz. There are sketches (many) of his and the film says"here he arrived at his famous symbol, the dove," and the flamenco music in the background grows louder and louder with each painting. And the narration goes on, saying things that are not wholey true, thoroughly mis-interpreting all his work to such an extent that it is ridiculous.

They say that his period of experimentation in new ways of seeing the human figure , such as his "Woman before Mirror", was horrible and grotesque. They didn't show a very good selection of his work and had too many close-ups of eyes and white paint.

The only scene worth comment is the last, when Picasso draws a scene on a wall with sticks of charcoal. It is wonderful to watch the master at work. ....in his bermuda shorts.

Anyone interested in Art should see this film, tho' it would be better to stuff the ears with cotton before entering the theatre.

The Student Council wishes to announce that for the first time since 1954, ALL the outstanding bills are paid for. Surely this is something to reflect about.

The Gallery Show in the Social Hall here at CSFA is now running the first of a series of exchange exhibits from other Bay Area schools. Presented here at this time is the work of the students at San Francisco State College. More to follow.

"Man  
blowing  
nose"

#14  
in Series

(continued from  
the SFAA  
Gallery)

